

# ILLINOIS ENGLISH BULLETIN

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## Some of the Best Illinois High School Poetry of 1950

Selected by J. N. Hook  
University of Illinois

### FOREWORD

Choosing the best of the poetry submitted in 1950 was an unusually difficult task because of the high quality of many of the approximately eight hundred poems which Illinois teachers sent to the editor. The excellent quality, however, also made pleasant the reading and the rereading.

After two or three readings the editor eliminated all but about one hundred of the poems. Making the final selection necessitated several more readings of each. Because of lack of space some poems were eliminated that may well have deserved inclusion. A number of these have been given honorable mention.

The editor hopes that more Illinois teachers will now begin watching for poems to be considered for next year's anthology. Manuscripts should be addressed to J. N. Hook, 121 Lincoln Hall, Urbana, Illinois. Each manuscript should bear the name of the author, his graduating class numeral, the name of his high school, and the name of his English teacher. No manuscripts will be returned unless they are accompanied by return postage.

Additional copies of this issue are available at twenty cents a copy in orders of ten or more mailed to one address. Teachers and students often enjoy and profit from detailed discussion of the contents.

### THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

I dreamed of fame,  
 Of being honored by my fellowmen—  
 A noted scientist, statesman, author,  
 But I became a soldier,  
 A numbered unit among thousands.  
 Then there was little time for dreaming  
 During that nightmare of smoke, shells, and flame.  
 I fell among the countless dead at St. Mihiel.  
 Now I lie  
 Among the great,  
 Sincerely honored by all the nation,  
 But my name is a secret  
 Between God and me.

PAUL TURNER, Decatur H. S., '51  
 Helen Gorham, teacher

### TINTS AND SHAPES

Cold, marble image clothed in many perfect folds once chiseled by  
 white Grecian hands;  
 Renaissance frescoes on which graphic angels are suspended by  
 the magic of quiet oils;  
 A Goya original with its tawdry, commonplace forms;  
 Geometric patterns ravished from the shadows which pass across  
 the modern mind in moments of solitude;  
 Mosaic window of variegated glass slivers, resplendent in the  
 spattering of early morning light;  
 Churchly symbols etched on the wall of a medieval monastery;  
 Italian cathedral with its tenuous Gothic spires;  
 French tapestries hugging the lonely, ashen ruins of a still vain  
 castle—  
 This is art—  
 What the hurried, ever-toiling soul pursues in the contest of life.  
 This is beauty—  
 Beauty from a breath-taking, color-lulled landscape;  
 Beauty from the inner eye's chance glimpse of a heavenly design;  
 Beauty from the symmetry of squares and circles.  
 Yes, this is art;  
 This is beauty;  
 This is God's shadow captured in the creations of His children.

JOYCE GUTZEIT, Visitation H. S., Chicago, '50



### THE NIGHT BEFORE EXAMS

'Twas the night before finals, and as I lay in my bed,  
Many horrible nightmares danced 'round in my head.  
My clothes I had folded and piled on a chair,  
For I knew that at daylight I'd want them right there.

I'd sat at my desk till the hour had grown late,  
Reviewing, reviewing, and cramming my pate  
With names, dates, and places, with adverb and noun,  
With theorems and processes clear and profound.

'Twas only a moment ere I was asleep,  
But already the monsters about me did creep.  
A visigoth sprang on a platyhelminth  
And only succumbed to a nemathelminth!

I sailed with Lord Nelson on the *Victory* bold  
Pursued by Miss Gale and her pirates of old.  
The Spanish Armada soon joined in the chase,  
While Caesar orated in the Nominative Case.

I fled to a room filled with angles and squares.  
Mr. Williams jumped out, so I kicked him downstairs.  
"You are old, Father Williams," I called in my flight,  
And raced off on a tangent. Oh, horrible night!

On waking, the sun shone so bright through the blind  
It brought a familiar old adage to mind:  
"When taking exams do not put up a bluff.  
They're not bad at all if you just know your stuff."

BILL WOLF, Naperville H. S., '52  
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

### WORD PICTURES

A verse  
Can take a bit  
Of life and put a frame  
Around it, bringing out the lights  
And darks.

PAULA GIBBS, Maine Twp. H. S., Park Ridge, '51  
Paulene M. Yates, teacher

## MY FATHER'S PASSING

*(with apologies to Robert Browning)*

Spoken by the Prince of the House of Burgundy after the assassination of his father by an unknown assailant. He has just assumed the throne and is speaking to the late King's Minister of State.

All the hours, kneeling there beside  
The body of my father, I relied  
On royal breeding for a camouflage  
Of loss I did not feel. I can not gauge  
The measure of mistrust that lingered here  
Even as I gazed upon his bier.  
His face too calm, a half-smile seemed to lurk  
About his mouth and silently to work  
And crinkle then about his eyes; though closed  
And shuttered, still they laughed and mocked—exposed  
Me to a tension I had known in days  
When he was yet alive; a thousand ways  
He'd sought to thwart. A minor escapade  
Would bring a storm of protest. He even made  
The captain of the Guards my special guard,  
Assigned to watch me, strolling in the yard.  
Lowly under-lords  
Possessed more freedom than did I, the heir  
To all the realm. Why is it that you stare?  
My hatred for my father was intense  
And sours on my tongue—from this day hence  
I shall not speak his name, but ere I assume  
The throne, I want to use this antiquated room  
Forever to eject his memory:  
I'll rule my kingdom, for now it's mine, you see,  
In manner which, if father only knew  
Would turn his body over—and the dew  
Would change his hair to white and all his bones  
Would rot and fall away like mangled stones.  
Think you I am madman and deprived  
Of all my sense? You're wrong, for I have thrived  
Upon his cruelty. . . . Now I ask you,  
Who am I more apt to tell this to  
Than late King's friend and Minister of State?

Alas, my friend, that you must share his fate.  
I don't intend to have his countenance  
Haunting me from out your every glance.  
And now that you have heard, think you that I  
Would keep you as my minister? For thy  
Ear is always bent too near my door—  
And knowing you well-read in ancient lore,  
You know there is no greater loyalty  
Than following where your master goes; and he  
Has gone to meet his Maker (whoe'er that be).  
To protest is complete futility.  
Yet stay! For I would have another word  
Or two. Recall a moment. What was heard  
When fawning barons and the Holy Pope  
Were crowning me—was it a sneer that broke  
From the rabble there outside? I fear  
My father's spirit laughs at me. I hear  
It from beyond the grave. Well, let it be known  
This monarchy will change. They must be shown  
That if the King was gentle, I am cruel,  
And if good, I, tyrant, and play the fool  
No longer. For I shall not imitate  
In word or deed his acts. Reports of state  
Inform me his assailant's near to caught.  
When he's brought for me to judge him, ought  
I not bless him rather than to sit  
In judgment on a man of courage? I admit  
I'd find it an ironic twist of fate  
To make him my new Minister of State  
In humble gratitude. Go now, my lord,  
And as I fear I'll not see you forward,  
I'll make my farewells now. Adieu! Guards! Guards!  
He is gone. One more, the playing cards  
Of Fate were stacked against. There will be more,  
But they will laugh at me no more, no more.

ANNE RITA MANDELL, J. Sterling Morton H. S., Cicero, '51  
Marjorie Diez, teacher



## WHAT IS GOD?

God is Wisdom—

Not wise, as measured by the minds of men,  
But supremely so, knowing all things—  
Past, present, and future of mankind.

God is Love—

Divine, penetrating Love,  
Such as a mother feels while holding close her tiny babe ;  
A Love that will not fade nor draw away  
In deepest sorrow when we need support.  
A Love that sacrifices—  
Even life itself, that lives of others may be  
Blest and free.

God is Truth—

The eternal Truth of ages and His Book,  
The Truth of everlasting light  
That will forever conquer  
Darkest sin and deepest rooted wrong.

God is Power—

As we see it in the roar  
Of turbulent waterfalls, destructive hurricanes,  
In the giant engine of a freight train,  
As it echoes through the stillness of the night ;  
The beauteous Power that paints the  
Grass and moss a hunter green,  
And tunes the song of tiny birds with those  
Of angels in the sky.  
Serenely, twinkling stars of light shine forth His power  
To bring a living peace from chaos of the night.

God is Light—

A Light which brightens  
Faith, creeds, customs of mankind.  
To the electrician, He's the Power plant for machines.  
To the weary, burdened soul, He's the Light of the  
Morning Star, which guides man to a brighter day.  
And to the aged, He's the welcome Light of Home beyond  
the grave.  
To the young, afflicted, He's the beacon of tomorrow,

The will to live and hope and plan,  
And to a weary, burdened world, He is the guiding Light  
Of everlasting peace.

KENNETH PICKENS, Frankfort Comm. H. S., West Frankfort, '51  
Velma Nave, teacher

### SOUNDS

Yes, sounds are strange things.

Some are pleasant  
Like a whirring pheasant.

Yet some are not—  
As a gun shot.

MARILYN LITTRELL, Wilmington H. S., '53  
Esther Butler, teacher

### REALITY

The folks who boast of family tree  
Are like a dog with pedigree;  
My mutt who proudly follows me,  
People who give unselfishly  
To me are aristocracy.

DAVID CARL, Maine Twp. H. S., Park Ridge, '53  
Paulene M. Yates, teacher

### ARPEGGIO

My sky is a sky blue, a crystal clear of gay  
Blue, that spreads its brilliant day  
Blue upon a shadowed eye;  
A soft warm baby boy blue, a dye  
Blue garment, blue dash-flash of trains,  
Horizons, faces, windows, ink, and rains.

PAT STRAUSS, LaGrange Twp. H. S., '50  
Norma Jordan, teacher

**TWO MEN**

Two men were walking.  
They looked about them.  
The first saw only fields, trees, and hills.  
The other saw God.

They stared out to sea.  
The first saw only a vast space of restless green water.  
The other saw God.

They glanced downward.  
The first saw only the flowers, the plants, and the  
tiny creatures moving upon them.  
The other saw God.

These two men died.  
The first saw only an endless black void.  
The other saw God.

LIDO BRUNETTIN, J. Sterling Morton H. S., Cicero, '50  
Irene Pauley, teacher

**TO WINTER**

The early sun bejewels the chilly morn;  
Slim, tapered diamonds hang from every eave;  
Proud Winter with her icy train is born  
And lightly dons her gown of feath'ry weave.  
With regal tread she steps o'er hills and vales;  
She pauses once to still the ruffled lake,  
Then onward goes, and all the while she trails  
Pale, shimmering sapphires in her lonely wake.  
Majestic maid! O blast us with your cold  
Transfixing breath and shake your frosty hair!  
Replace with blinding white the green and gold  
And fling your snowy veil through all the air.  
Blithe Summer never brought so fair a flower  
As the bright gems Maid Winter brings each hour.

JOYCE GIBBS, Maine Twp. H. S., Park Ridge, '52  
Paulene M. Yates, teacher



**MOUNT RUSHMORE MEMORIAL**

Oh, mighty Washington, what are your thoughts about this  
pleasant land?

Leader of our nation, how does our country fare?

Your name on every lip, your deeds in every heart.

Now preserved in massive stone for all the world to see.

A Leader, a Patriot, an American.

Oh, somber Jefferson, what do you see as you look out across this  
mighty land?

Father of Democracy, does Freedom's light burn on?

Your works preserved forever, your ideals remaining still.

All contained in deathless documents for yet unborn generations  
to ponder.

Liberty, Democracy, Freedom.

Oh, powerful Roosevelt, what do you know of this great land?

Breaker of monopolies, how does our business fare?

Your courage undaunted, your actions a tribute to freedom,

Shall forever give heart to the common man that he, too, may  
succeed.

Power, Democracy, Peace.

Oh, beloved Lincoln, what do you hear of our mighty nation?

Emancipator of slaves, how does the Union fare?

Yours a place in every heart, your deeds the glory of the land,

Engraved upon the ledgers of history for all the oppressed to read.

Freedom, Unity, Equality.

Oh, mighty monument to Freedom, what do you say to all your  
countrymen?

Leaders of democracy, how does our nation stand?

Your deeds, your thoughts, your ideals,

Carved in massive stone for all to see in ages yet to come.

Freedom, Democracy, Liberty.

GEORGE EMBREE, DeKalb Twp. H. S., '51

## IVORY TOWER

I was wise in the ways of books ;  
Plato taught me the ancient truths.  
In front of my porch the people went by,  
But the fence was strong and the gate was locked.  
A voice welled up in my bosom  
Stifled in its infancy,  
Crying for life,  
Knowing life,  
Yearning for life.  
Past my porch the people went by,  
And I watched through the palings of my fence.

ROGER DEAKINS, Decatur H. S., '51  
Christa Herrin, teacher

## POLITICIANS' TOYS

Take the hardened, muscular ones from the fields,  
Take the soft, white ones from the offices,  
Take the agile, well-built ones from the athletic fields,  
Take the young ones from the colleges ;

Throw them together in the teeming training camps.  
Make them as one.  
Harden the soft ones, train the muscular ones,  
Teach the young ones about life.

Make them into a machine, for the politicians  
To play their game of chess with.

You've got them trained ; now send them home  
To see what they've lost. It may be—the last time.  
Now bring them back and make experts of them.

Then, without warning rush them to the ports,  
Put them on your stinking, dismal ships.  
Send them to lands most of them have never heard of.

Now take them off the ships, give them two or three days,  
Not long, just long enough to see the strange people,  
Maybe just long enough to meet a girl,  
Now you've got something to take them away from.

It's your turn on the chess board now.  
Move them to the front,  
Initiate them to fire,  
Initiate them to—pain and death;

Show them what struggle and privation are,  
Show them the delicacies of a K ration and tin cans,  
Teach them the stench of dead bodies and mud,  
Teach them the joy of receiving a purple medal  
In exchange for a lost limb.

Teach them the sorrow of seeing their buddies  
Shot down.  
Show them the joy of a hospital ship homeward bound.

Let them sit in a wheel chair and  
Watch you play your game of chess.

KENNETH TRAUM, Mt. Carroll H. S., '52  
Robert Hodges, teacher

### TO A LADY

*(Inspired by J. T. McCutcheon's "Ballad of Beautiful Words")*

Symphony, beauty, laughter, grace,  
Lavender, crimson, blue;  
Sympathy, worship, wisdom, lace,  
Intellect, silent, true.

MERCEDES TILINSKI, Decatur H. S., '50  
Louise Fike, teacher

### FIRE

Fire is a flood  
That starts with a trickle  
And crescendos to a roaring,  
Flowing mass of death,  
Going on and on, until, at last,  
It dies of its own greed.

RICHARD SWANSON, Sycamore H. S., '50  
Margaret E. Adams, teacher



**BASEBALL FEVER**

*(Inspired by Masefield's "Sea Fever")*

I love the sound of the roaring crowd,  
as the mighty me comes to bat,  
And all I ask is a base hit  
and a chance to doff my hat,  
And a clear sky and a cool day  
and our flag flying,  
And a green field on the park's face  
and the men all trying.

I love the sound of the roaring crowd,  
for the call they give the boys  
Is a wild call and a loud call,  
one that is told with noise.  
And all I ask is a loud cheer  
as the crowd sees cunning play,  
And the warm spray from the shower's spouts  
at the end of a perfect day.

CLARK TAYLOR, Naperville H. S., '52  
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

**FOG**

Fog is a mournful maiden,  
Searching for her lost love.  
In her gossamer garments  
She creeps through the streets  
Peering in keyholes, through windows.

With feathery moist fingers  
She strokes your face—  
But you are not the one.  
Sighing her plaintive wail  
She draws her ragged robes away  
Leaving shreds of sorrow behind.

JANICE WILLEY, LaGrange Twp. H. S., '50  
Kathryn Keefe, teacher

### A BEE

*(With apologies to Joyce Kilmer)*

I think that I shall never see  
A busier worker than a bee.

A bee whose honey's tightly pressed  
Inside the comb's encircling crest ;

A bee that works like mad all day,  
And hurries fast along his way ;

A bee that may in winter rest  
And hibernate in coziness ;

For whom rest will eventually end,  
And toward his work his way he'll wend

Honey is eaten by fools like me,  
Because my God creates a bee.

JIMMIE WINNING, Frankfort Comm. H. S., West Frankfort, '51  
Velma Nave, teacher

### BLUE SHADOWS OF FALL

A fall day—gray-blue sky and shadows,  
Shadows of brightness, gaiety  
Dancing with the leaves above to the tune  
Of a whistling wind.  
Why stop to rest as you touch the ground?  
For you're up again, dancing in a merry ring.  
A red leaf or maybe one of fall-defying green  
Occasionally falls on this shadow patch of blue-gray,  
But smoke comes, uninvited, and mingles with blue shadows—  
A mist over a painted picture.

ANN OVERBECK, Evanston Twp. H. S., '51  
Mary L. Taft, teacher

**AUTUMN'S SIGH**

I saw the graceful maple tree  
As it swayed to Autumn's song,  
Tossed its hair into the sun,  
And danced the whole day long.  
And when at last the night shades fell  
And everything was still,  
I saw it softly waltz away  
With the wind upon the hill.

BILL HUEBING, Libertyville-Freemont Consol. H. S., Libertyville,  
'51

Anna J. Johnson, teacher

**THE KISS**

As I was making my way,  
He gave me a kiss.  
The weather was gay  
As I was making my way.  
I was happy that day;  
I had the memory of this:  
As I was making my way,  
He gave me a kiss.

ANN PHILLIPS, University H. S., Normal, '50  
Ruth Stroud, teacher

**WHAT SPRING MEANS TO ME**

I get an exhilarating feeling  
As the trees begin  
To get their leafiness.  
The arched stems of flowers  
Are seen above  
The wind-blown waves of green grass.  
The golden sun shines down  
On many silver streams.  
Fairy cloud ships  
Flow by silently  
In the tremendous sea of sky.

GEORGE FARMER, East H. S., Rockford, '52  
Edna Youngquist, teacher



### JUST DESSERTS

There's a divinity  
Says Hamlet  
That shapes our ends.  
Anatomically speaking,  
What hath God wrought?

CHARLES BRODIE, LaGrange Twp. H. S., '50  
Norma Jordan, teacher

### CHAIN REACTION

I kissed a girl in the moonlight,  
and before another day  
She kissed ten other boys, I'm told,  
as they passed by that way.

They each in turn kissed ten more girls—  
Oh, I am filled with glee!  
For won't I be in clover when  
the chain comes back to me.

AL GROSCHE, LaGrange Twp. H. S., '50  
Grace Doherty, teacher

### THE MOHAVE DESERT

Over the wide plains  
Star-sown with ground lilies,  
Beyond thin fig-groves  
Carpeted with violets,  
And bare thorn-thickets  
Where dry rags of thistles  
Dwindle into the desert,  
Bitter, beginning morning  
Gnaws the brown hills covered  
With dried shrubs, whitish,  
That smell sweet in the dew.

ANN DARTSCH, Bloom Twp. H. S., Chicago Heights, '50  
Sara J. Fernald, teacher

**WHO**

Before the green leaf changes,  
Before the first bird leaves,  
Before the hurried spider,  
His last frail pattern weaves,  
Who tells the clever chipmunk  
That frost is on the way?  
Who whispers to the fieldmouse  
In his home beneath the hay?

What sign so faint that no one  
May see it on the ground  
Warns the squirrel to listen  
For the north wind's chilly sound?  
Who is the silent messenger  
That travels field and town  
Before the sea of emerald grass  
Takes on a tinge of brown?

RHEA PETERSON, Maine Twp. H. S., Park Ridge, '53  
Paulene M. Yates, teacher

**THUNDER**

The great black ball  
rolled down the sky.

It thundered against the pins  
with a resounding crash,  
and Nature tallied her strike  
in blazing letters across the heavens.

BARBARA RIFE, Naperville H. S., '52  
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

**RAPIDS**

Rapids  
Swiftly swishing,  
Splashing, swirling, slapping,  
Suddenly smooth to a silent stream  
Below.

SYLVIA SINDEN, West H. S., Aurora, '50  
Louise Lane, teacher

### THE MOON-ROSE

There glows,  
Out of the darkness of night,  
The wonder and mystery  
Of a silver Moon-Rose.  
Wavering  
On its leafy vine, it turns  
To catch the muted breath  
Of perfect night.  
It is a flower  
Of culture and romance.  
There is perfection  
In the dainty way  
It turns on its frail green stem.  
Uptilted  
To the moon's bright gaze,  
The rose searches for knowledge,  
Yearning to know  
And understand why,  
At the end of limpid dark,  
It must wither,  
Crumple,  
And go with the night.

JANICE RUDIN, East H. S., Rockford, '52  
Adele Johnson, teacher

### NIGHT RAIN

I love to sleep on  
A rainy night,  
And listen to  
The raindrops light.

They have a race  
To see who's first  
To quench once more  
The dry roof's thirst.

DON REES, Peoria Central H. S., '53  
Emily E. Rice, teacher



## TO THOSE WHO CANNOT FIND A REASON FOR ASTRONOMY

*(In answer to Walt Whitman's "When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer")*

Let him come with me and look up at the sky,  
But let not "perfect silence" clog the mind.  
Let knowledge give full power to his eyes  
Lest he, though seeing, still be blind.

As I look up in perfect silence at the stars  
And see the vast, unlabeled wonders of the sky  
The knowledge gained from many an astronomer  
Unfolds far greater splendors to my eye.

For I can tell which tiny gleams of light  
My telescope will show to be not one  
But two or three or four gigantic stars,  
Each equal in its power to our sun.

To me the heavens are dynamically alive,  
And not a mere array of points of light.  
A knowledge of the workings of the sky  
Gives a greater beauty to the night.

Those who do not have an understanding  
Miss more inherent beauty than they find,  
For the appreciation of true beauty  
Lies in its impact on the mind.

JOHN KRUPKA, Niles Twp. H. S., '50  
Priscilla Baker, teacher

## EARLY MORNING

The wind whistles  
Short sweet lyrics  
Through a morning haze of red and green.  
Trees bend in the wind  
And in their stubby branches  
Birds sing,  
Throwing their songs at the sun.

ARTHUR OLSON, East H. S., Rockford, '53  
Adele Johnson, teacher

### THE MIDNIGHT FREIGHT

A mournful whistle in the night,  
The distant glimmering of a light.  
A misty cloud of fast puffed smoke  
Against the chilly night's black cloak.  
The shining rails, the piston's thunder,  
Embers and steam alive down under.  
The wheels whirl, the journals squeak,  
The ground trembles, the cars creak.  
And then the end; it draws away.  
From the caboose, the lanterns sway.  
A distant glimmering of the light,  
A mournful whistle in the night.

GEORGE KACEK, J. Sterling Morton H. S., Cicero, '50  
Irene Pauley, teacher

### SONG FOR APRIL

Spring is a ballerina,  
Beautiful, graceful, airy.  
Her gauzy green garments  
Catch on the dull branches.  
She glides and spins.  
Fresh and colorful among the crowd,  
Spring is a lovely lady,  
Delicate and sweet-smelling;  
Her fragrance lingers  
Long after she has passed.

BARBARA NADEL, J. Sterling Morton H. S., Cicero, '51  
Marjorie Diez, teacher

### SYMPHONY

Breezes  
Placidly play  
A sleepy symphony;  
Brown buzzing bees are violins  
In flight.

BARBARA ANDERSON, Calumet H. S., Chicago, '50  
Elsie F. Fillippi, teacher

### A NEWSPAPER

An abandoned newspaper  
Five days old  
Ragged, weary and forgotten  
Lying in Main Street's gutter.  
Suddenly—  
A whirl of wind.  
The paper is alive!  
Whirling, whipping  
Like a ballerina  
Twisting, racing,  
Pivoting through her dance,  
She rustles down the street.  
Then  
The wind leaves;  
The dancer floats to a stop—  
Merely an abandoned newspaper  
Five days old  
Ragged, weary and forgotten  
Lying in Main Street's gutter.

WILMA SPAINHOUR, Canton H. S.  
Orpha Stutsman, teacher

### TO THE BARBARIC

Kill and be killed, butchers of  
The warring mind.  
Sharpen your knives of conquest  
And tear into your prey!  
Pound the cities; slaughter the innocent.  
Slice your share of plunder;  
Thrust the hated hammer and sickle  
Into land that once was free!  
Hack into God's sanctuary and  
Raze it to the ground!  
Let your barbaric hordes  
Sweep the earth with flowing blood  
'Til not a sound is left to oppose  
Your mode of human butchery.

HAROLD NOFFSINGER, Naperville H. S., '51  
Leona McBride, teacher



### TIME

Time is like a turning page,  
flipping back each passing age.  
A moving hand goes on and on  
sliding dusk onto the dawn.  
Every day in swinging past  
lays an age upon the last.  
With every movement made by time,  
history adds another line.

CHARLES OWEN, Niles Twp. H. S., '51  
Priscilla Baker, teacher

### THE HOME

The silent frame stands there, I see,  
With tales of a distant century  
Hidden in its walls. What secrets  
Can it hold—what mysterious  
Realm does it enfold? The lives lived  
Long ago, of love and toil, birth and death,  
Are there behind the ever stealing  
Curtain of time. The stories of an age long past  
Are woven in a thread of years,—  
Never to be known, but cast  
Within the halls of reverie.

BARBARA CARLSON, Geneseo Twp. H. S.  
Dorothy Holmstrom, teacher

### HALLOWE'EN

A rabbit's foot  
Or a knock on wood  
On a night like this  
Will do no good.

One step outside  
Could be your doom.  
There are no headlights  
On a broom.

VERN MATHENY, Bloomington H. S., '50  
Lorraine Kraft, teacher

**TIME**

Time  
Is a turtle  
In a race, creeping  
Steadily along, waiting for  
No one.

Time  
Is a rabbit,  
Darting ahead, evading  
Its pursuer, hiding from  
Everyone.

JAMES BJORKEN, Maine Twp. H. S., Park Ridge, '52  
Paulene M. Yates, teacher

**FORLORNNESS**

Across the street, a frowsy house reclines  
Against the drooping vestiges of grass  
Like some dejected woman drained of life;  
Her straggly cap of shingles catches light  
Which shines reflected on the gloomy face  
Of gray-lined boards and windows ringed with white.

Though paint may someday deck the careworn stairs  
And curtains grace the glass, the house remains  
An old, dejected shell.

MARVEL CAROLUS, Wilmington H. S., '53  
Esther Butler, teacher

**MAN WITH A CLOAK**

A man with his cloak wrapped around him  
Stood on our corner one night.  
As I watched, I could almost imagine  
A lamp post without any light.

JOHN JORDAN, Sycamore H. S., '53  
Margaret E. Adams, teacher

**AND IT WAS VERY COLD . . .**

The snow swirled down on wings so light  
And crept upon the waiting town;  
The lovely snow, the cloak of white  
That gently wraps the earth around . . .  
And it was very cold . . .

The hearthfires all were burning bright  
And what a cheery sight they made!  
Some beggar children watched the light  
Upon the snow—and were afraid,  
For it was very cold . . .

That gentle snow of purest white  
Was met with joy by all but two—  
The beggar children died that night,  
But beauty always kills a few . . .  
And it was very cold . . .

PAULA GIBBS, Maine Twp. H. S., Park Ridge, '51  
Anne Lauterbach, teacher

**THE DIFFERENCE**

Boys keep the memories,  
Girls keep the tears,  
Boys add experience, but  
Girls gain in years.

Lads say "It's over," while  
Lassies just sigh,  
Teardrops oft glistening  
In their good-bye.

Men call lost romance a  
Part of the game.  
Women know heartbreak  
By no other name.

DAVE CHAMBERLAIN, Elgin H. S., '52  
Gertrude C. Meadows, teacher

**MEDITATION**

Idle thoughts:

A speck of dust gleaming a moment in the sunlight,  
Lost forever in the cobwebs of the mind.

Glimpses of truth:

The feeble reflection of a new light  
Falling in the darkness of prejudice.

Conscience:

Forcing its way through a black soul  
Losing itself in need.

Wisdom:

The force of a feather on the iron wall of ignorance,  
Shattering itself while moving nothing.

Life:

A flicker of light,  
The momentary illumination of a match  
In the quenching winds of time.

Man:

A winter fly,  
Hastening its inevitable death by struggling  
In the sucking waters of Eternity.

ERWIN ZIPSE, Thornton Twp. H. S., Harvey, '50  
Adele Frederickson, sponsor

**ANGER**

Anger is like a thunderstorm  
Out on a tranquil blue ocean.  
The calm is followed by sudden winds  
That shift with a turbulent motion.  
Impetuously the lightning strikes;  
The torrent begins to pour.  
But suddenly peace returns again—  
Anger is washed ashore.

NANCY HOLMES, LaGrange Twp. H. S., '53  
Josephine Allen, teacher



## ILLUSION

I thought my love would come to me  
On a milkwhite steed, as the poets sing,  
With sea-green eyes and a devilish smile  
And hair blue-black as a raven's wing.

He would be filled with wanderlust,  
Enticing me to stray  
Away with him to the coral sands  
Where the broad-leaved palm trees sway.

He'd tell of jewel-laden treasure ships  
And daring raids at night.  
At his feet I'd sit and dream  
In open-mouthed delight.

My Love at last has come to me,  
But with no milkwhite steed,  
No tales of isles with coral sands,  
No bold and daring deeds.

His hair is blond as sun-ripe wheat,  
His hands workworn and strong,  
But let him only smile at me,  
And my heart is filled with song.

Oh silly childhood dreams of bliss  
Upon a distant shore,  
My love at last has come to me—  
I'm in love with the boy next door.

MARY WINTER, Niles Twp. H. S., '50  
Priscilla Baker, teacher

## FOOTPRINTS

I had just painted the floor  
And what ran through the door?  
Footprints!  
I repainted the floor  
And bolted the door.

NATALIE SCHAUER, DeKalb Twp. H. S., '51

## LIMERICKS

There once was a girl named Ella  
Who had a bow-legged fella.  
She sat on his lap  
' And fell through the gap  
All the way down to the cella.

PATRICIA COLE, East H. S., Rockford, '52  
Adele Johnson, teacher

There was a young lady from Moose  
Whose tongue was exceedingly loose.  
She was not very bright,  
But she talked day and night,  
'Til her spouse choked himself with a noose.

STAWANNA THOMSON, Adair H. S., '52  
Helen Rademacher, teacher

There once was a girl from Adair  
Who had unmanageable hair.  
She thought she would die  
When to curl she would try.  
She vowed she would shave her head bare.

MARJORIE WHEELER, Adair H. S., '52  
Helen Rademacher, teacher

There was a girl named Mary  
Who took a ride on a ferry.  
She saw a boy  
And cried, "Ahoy."  
So we saw no more of Mary.

ALVIN LEE TEE, Gladstone-Oquawka H. S., Gladstone, '53  
Velma Marr, teacher

A man who was certainly weird  
Remarked, "This is just what I feared;  
That restorer of hair  
Really left my top bare,  
But it gave me a long, woolly beard."

JAMES FLEISCHER, Calumet H. S., Chicago, '50  
Elsie F. Filippi, teacher

There was once a girl from Kentucky  
Who really was very lucky;  
She won two cars  
And a trip to Mars,  
But she has never returned to Kentucky.

NORMA COUSER, Calumet H. S., Chicago, '50  
Elsie F. Filippi, teacher

### THE CITY STREET

Will no one listen to me?  
I get so tired of going nowhere.  
Day after day, year after year,  
I am rained on, ridden on,  
Walked on, spit on,  
Torn and patched, burnt and frozen.  
And I lie here helpless,  
Unable to defend myself.  
Oh, to have the prowess of a highway!  
To travel for miles and miles  
Through towns and states  
And meet so many others.  
But here am I, here I lie,  
Going on and on in an  
Endless pattern of blocks.  
Why did they not make me winding?  
Why did they not give me one curve?  
Stretched so straight I am like  
A figure out of a geometry lesson.  
Oh, the places I did not go—  
The people I did not meet—  
For you know now, if you've not guessed,  
That I'm just a city street!

PAT CURRY, Grayville Comm. Unit Dist., '51  
Vernita Crawford, teacher

**AMERICA 1950**

Lincoln, thou shouldst be living, counselor.  
The world is sick and groaning with the strain  
Of broken homes and nations; sad refrain  
For soldiers weary of a two-fold war.  
Moreover, now the threat of future strife  
Hangs o'er us like old Damocles' long sword.  
Sinister deeds, and situations rife,  
Forebodings of another conquering horde.  
Yet thou wouldst know the cure for this our ill,  
The remedy, and gaining of our goal.  
In thy clear foresight, courage; O instill  
In us a sense of justice, and a soul.  
O thou, who from the common people rose,  
Send down thy spirit to destroy our woes.

JACK EAGON, Lake Forest H. S., '51  
Robert D. Haebich, teacher

**FROM AFAR**

I stand by night upon a windswept hill  
And look upon the city, far below—  
The city, wherein men their fellows kill,  
And women sell their love and buy back woe.  
Hidden by a million diamond lights,  
Hunger reigns and Misery, and Hate;  
A thousand sorrows fill the sleepless nights—  
A thousand lonely people curse their fate.

Yet, standing on my hill, I see not wrong;  
The distance brings a clearness to my sight.  
I feel a million people, live and strong;  
I know that men are good, and life is right.  
Eternal Maker of all things that are,  
Grant me the power of seeing from afar!

JOHN PATTISON, Peoria Central H. S., '51  
Emily E. Rice, teacher



## FICTION IS STRANGER THAN FACT

I've come to the conclusion, friend, (after a struggle mental),  
That any resemblance 'tween fiction and fact is purely coincidental.  
In fiction, there's a sweet young thing named Lynn or Gwen or  
Terry,

Who isn't dated for the dance and feels unhappy, very.  
One day she's walking down the street when—wait! what's this  
we spy?

A handsome senior, tall and dark, has dropped down from the sky.  
"Terry," he says, (or Lynn or Gwen) "I just stopped by to see  
If you were dated for the dance, or if you'd go with me?"  
Our heroine accepts, of course, just filled with greatest joy,  
She's going to the formal dance, and with this handsome boy!  
Time passes, just as time will do, and soon arrives the night.  
We find our heroine's dress and hair both look exactly right.  
And then the dance! What joy! What bliss! What ecstasy  
supreme!

He dances so divinely that it passes like a dream,  
And later on, upon the steps, they say a fond good night.  
Our story leaves us confident that things all come out right.  
But now let's look at plain, cold fact. Our heroine, Mary Jo,  
Has no date for the formal dance. She wants so much to go!  
(Though this may sound familiar, friends, and slightly repetitious,  
What follows bears no likeness to *anything* fictitious.)  
For coming toward our girl we see a sophomore, thin and lanky,  
His hair in need of comb and brush, his nose in need of hanky.  
"Uh-Mary," gulps this vision rare, "I just came 'round to see—  
Well, gosh, there's gonna be a dance—and—would you go with  
me?"

"Why, Hector," Mary bravely smiles, "I'd *love* to go with you,"  
(Though she could see that suicide might have its good points,  
too.)

But finally the night arrives (to everyone's surprise).  
A blotch gleams bright on Mary's nose, her hair falls in her eyes.  
The night is wet; the dance itself is just a perfect mess.  
Our Mary's toes are blistered, and there's iced punch on her dress.  
At last he leaves her at the door, and Mary sits alone  
To think of cruel, cruel fate (especially her own).  
The moral of this rhyme must be that fiction is deception,  
But all bad things must end at last; this verse is no exception.

LAIL LEWIS, Thornton Twp. H. S., Harvey, '52  
Adele Frederickson, sponsor

## LAMENT OF A TEEN-AGER

So few people understand us.

Why?

They do not know we think deeply

About many things,

Life, death, sin, and God.

We reach conclusions, and pattern

Our lives in our own fashion.

We live and love and have our hearts

Broken

And our dreams trampled by

Careless feet.

They think because of fads and slang

We are rattle-brained, but

It is not true!

We will grow to be fine men and women

With good jobs and fine families.

Can't we be gay and carefree now,

Before we are burdened with

Responsibilities?

Can't we sing on a summer's night

And giggle and shout, while we may still be

Excused

For being young?

SHEILA MURNANE, Visitation H. S., Chicago, '50

**HONORABLE MENTION**

Bloomington: "Heaven and Earth," by Pat Alvis (Lorraine Kraft); "I Have Lived," by Pat Alvis (May English).

Calumet (Chicago): "The Hunger Speech," by Ruth Hering (Elsie F. Filippi); "Indian Country," by Fred Peterson (Elsie F. Filippi).

Crystal Lake: "Look Across," by Jean Schuneman (Marjorie Raglin).

Decatur: "Mrs. John Thomas," by Laura Smith (Christa Herrin).

DeKalb: "Lead and Gold," by GeorgeAnne Schulz.

East Rockford: "Witness," by Janice Ainsworth (Edith W. Lawson); "A Nocturne," by Janice Rudin (Adele Johnson).

Evanston: "Leaf," by Ann Overbeck (Mary L. Taft).

Grayville: "Eyes," by Mary Ann Mason (Vernita Crawford); "Memories," by Pat Curry (Vernita Crawford).

Joliet: "A Child's Questions," by Barbara Baesel (Catherine M. Adler).

LaGrange: "Destination," by Charles Brodie (Norma Jordan); "Plowman," by Bud Page (Norma Jordan); "Dieter's Lament," by Barbara Gariepy (Norma Jordan); "Spring Again," by Wally Martin (Aileen Daugherty).

LaHarpe: "Jealousy," by Diana Todd (J. E. Lester).

Lake Forest: "Rufe the Righteous," by Byron Schaffer, Jr. (Robert Haebich).

Leyden: "Just Thinking," by Christine Stellmach (George Cox).

Maine (Park Ridge): "Poet's Pickle," by Paula Gibbs (Anne Lauterbach).

Morton (Cicero): "Vagabond's Discovery," by Eda Casciani (Marjorie Diez).

Naperville: "Sleep," by Marilyn Nowak (Dorothy Scroggie); "Frost," by Dona Pickard (Dorothy Scroggie); "Grass," by Ronald Berlin (Dorothy Scroggie); "Spring Fever," by Barbara Rife (Dorothy Scroggie); "The Enigma," by Dean Burgess (Dorothy Scroggie).



Niles: "The First Time," by Mary Winter (Priscilla Baker).

Sycamore: "The Passing of Spring," by Betty Mussell (Margaret E. Adams).

Thornton (Harvey): "Ode to Myopia," by Lail Lewis; "On Biology," by Lail Lewis.

Visitation (Chicago): "A Cat's Paradise," by Joyce Gutzeit; "The Practical One," by Cecilia Moran; "Illusion," by Vivian Conwell.

Wenona: "To a Jonquil," by Gertrude Danaher (Marcia Wright).

Wilmington: "Sounds," by Marilyn Littrell (Esther Butler); "Forest Solitude," by Marvel Carolus and Dora Lee Craig (Esther Butler).